

unmarked or scratched-up ballot. When a person deposited his ballot, his passport was stamped, "Voted." He who did not vote was branded "the people's enemy."

Many cast into the urns comic caricatures, or exclamations, such as "Get out of here, you destroyers of our freedom." All this I saw with my own eyes. Even 18-year old boys were able to vote, and I, too, had the honor of participating in this privilege, but I did not make use of it, for at that period the American Consul in Moscow was caring for me. For that same reason, I was not drafted into the Red Army, but all my classmates of the University were forced to register and vote. Near all the voting places, music played, and speakers tried to talk the people into voting. The Comyouth traveled thru the rural sections, and entered homes asking for votes, but few were given them. Most of the people who refused to vote were later deported into deep Russia during the mass deportations that started on June 15. On the last evening of the voting, Red Army soldiers with naked daggers invaded homes and forced people to go to the ballot boxes. Free elections!

Soon after the closing of the voting, the result of the votes were announced. We were all dumbfounded when we heard the shameless lie that 98% of the population had voted. The fact is that at the very most, only 16 to 18 per cent of the population voted. L. Dovydėnas, one of the "candidates," himself admitted the comedy of the election, and wrote: "The Communist party members paled and became blue in the face when out of the ballot boxes came ballots empty, or covered with caricatures and all sorts of exclamations"—this statement written by a man who was selected for the Seim. (The result of this election was announced by the Soviet News Agency in London papers fully 24 hours before the closing of the "polls.")

THE MARCH OF DEATH RECEIVED NO PUBLICITY

The March of Death of the American Soldiers in the Philipines as perpetrated by the Japanese, was well publicized. After all, the Japanese were our enemies. The March of Death of the Lithuanians, which makes the American one seem humane, was never mentioned in the American press, because the Reds are our allies. Their cruelty surpassed anything the Japanese could ever dream up. The story below is a translation of the account as told by Col. J. Petruitis who was one of the Marchers.

The Bolsheviks, while withdrawing from Kaunas in 1941, placed in Autobuses over a hundred political prisoners, 40 to a bus, plus 20 guards armed with automatics. No prisoner was permitted to talk or make any moves. While en route through those several days they received no food or water. Being so tightly packed and due to lack of air, many weakened greatly. When they reached Minsk they were placed for a short while in jails and then, together with additional Russian prisoners they were marched afoot eastward. Still no food or water.

Many became mortally tired and could hardly walk, and as soon as one lagged behind, the of a Red guard killed him immediately. Feeling sorry for one another, the Lithuanian prisoners were wont to help to carry their fellow prisoners, or at least support him by holding the arms of the weakened marcher. But some, due to the heat of the sun and great thirsts collapsed, and these were finished off with revolver shots. This horrible fact affronted each prisoner, and many, who no more had friends that

were strong enough to carry them, tried to march crawling on their hands and knees, in order not to lag behind.

Near Chervene, suddenly, bullets started flying amid the prisoners and the nearest lines to the bullets commenced to drop, either killed or wounded. Those still alive the Red guards commanded that they line up again on the highway in twos. Among the wounded, lying in the gutter, who still moaned, walked the guards with spades in hands and split their heads.

The living prisoners were then told that they stretch themselves out on the highway. All prisoners knew that their end came. Some prisoners lost their nerves and screamed in hysteria. Some of the Russian prisoners shouted that they were fellow Communists-Politrukis, others, that they loved Stalin and Kalinin. Finally the guards yelled out:

"Run, we are shooting!"

Guns were discharged and as anyone tried to rise was shot and killed or wounded. Petruitis had figured out that something like this would happen, he did not rise, but instead, rolled down toward the gutter. When the firing ceased the NKVD'ers told the guards to ascertain that all were dead. Those who were not, their heads, too, were split. By then, it was getting dark, Petruitis, two priest brothers Petraitis, and a few other Lithuanian escaped."

NEW BOOKS

By Clayton C. Campbell

THE GAUNTLET by James Street. 311 pages, Doubleday, Doran New York.

In turning aside from the field of the historical novel James Street has delved into his personal experiences for the material for this, his newest novel. Having once been a Baptist seminary student and later becoming pastor of his own church has furnished him with the tools for his latest effort. It is not a religious work as we usually think of the term. It is rather the story of a man; a man who started a quest and achieved it. The story is the achievement; that the quest was one for faith was only incidental.

The small town church which functions more or less successfully forms the frame for Street's work. The characters that are thrown into relief in this situation seem to me to be real and representative types. All churches do not possess all the types, perhaps, but certainly many of them are present. The character of London Winge emerges from Street's pen as a vital individual though in the earlier pages somewhat on the priggish side. Happily, no view is taken on theological doctrine nor can offense be taken by the reader for the treatment given the religious side of the story.

To your reviewer Kathie, London's wife, seems much more real than her ambitious husband. It is always Kathie's clear thinking and deeper understanding of the members of the congregation, particularly the vicious women, that steers London over many awkward situations.

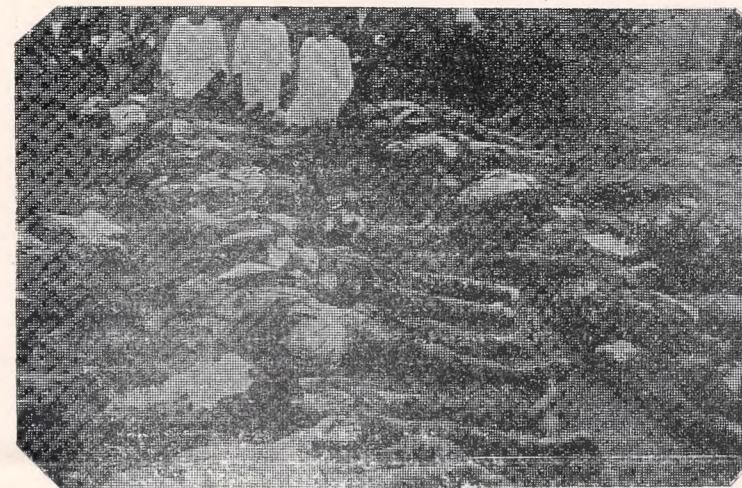
THE GAUNTLET will hold your interest to the last page. Street possesses the ability to tell a good story and to tell it well.

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Political prisoners massacred by the Russians on June 24th, '41 in the Forest of Rainiai, near Telšiai. The prisoners were taken one by one from the prison in Telšiai, told to stay still and say "Ah". Just then, a rag slipped down which inserted itself into the open mouth, and tied tightly behind his head. Hands were also tied behind, to feet and neck, and as if they were sacks, the prisoners were thrown into trucks to the command in Russian "Raz-Dva" (One-Two), then taken to the forest, mutilated and slain.



Some of the workers slain in the Panevėžis Sugar Factory. Communism supposed to represent as the liberators of workers, but in reality proved to be degenerated sadists. Most of the slain were farmers or workers. In Kretinga, from two prisoners the skin was pulled off the legs and heads, others were doubled and wired against trees and their bodies singed with straw till they were tortured to death and thrown into holes. V. Šapkauskas of Rokiškis was found minus the cranium, both eyes, half a nose, one ear; legs and ribs broken.

Over four hundred farm folk were slain by the Russians on June 26th, '41 between 3-4 P. M. in the Pravieniškis forced labor camp. That camp was located between the town of Rumšiškis and Palemonas, 30 kilometers east of Kaunas. The account by Kazys Gailius, one of the survivors, is extremely sickening. And to think that such bestiality can exist.

COMMENTS and LETTERS

HAPPY DAYS!

Dear Friend Finadar: You can stop sending Viltis to Italy. I'm no longer in the army. I'm a civvie. Viva! That's right vyt, three years of overseas duty in the Mediterranean and England is finally brought to a close. No more sweating in sub-infested waters; running out in cold nights during Jerry air-raids; going is anybody's guess.

Looking over some of your Concord booklets published in 1937, I am surprised at the accuracy of your predictions. Of course, you have been in Europe and knew the dangers then prevalent, while most American born people live in the snug security of our democratic life. But now that many Americans have gone to the global corners of the world and have talked with and associated with the peoples of many nationalities, it may be that soon the various organizations that will undoubtedly spring up, many of the veterans will have the opportunity to speak and act with mature, humanitarian judgment.

Tuyo Amigo, Frank DeLeon, Chicago.

NO MORE ORCHIDS

Dear Fin:

Another GI cruise, this time to the Philippines. We spent a couple of months in the hills near Lipa, Luzon, but are now quartered near Manila. There are still small pockets of Japs in the hills and our only job here is to effect their surrender. They straggle into our lines by threes and fours, only too willing to find Americans to surrender to. The Philippinos are split up by serious factionalism and every so often Company E and Company F decide to have a cozy oriental feud. In most instances of this nature a couple of PFCs are dispatched to the scene in a jeep, Companies E and F scamper to safety and two self appointed guerrilla colonels get a thorough chewing from the PFCs, indignant because their sack time was interrupted.

Viltis is coming thru and good reading it is. The "GI Pogrom" described in the November issue caused no little shock. The Russian cruelty, on the other hand, stirred not even mild surprise. When I went to Germany I was still tossing orchids and halos Stalin's way, misty eyed from reports of Soviet idealism. But the thousands and thousands of Russians we liberated punctured the notion of Russian altruism. It was impossible to reconcile the looting mobs of stupid-looking and brutal Reds to the rosy picture of universal education I had only too eagerly lapped up from pink journals. When we left Austria to make room for the Russian troops (we had overshot the boundary agreed upon) the townspeople wept openly. With reason! From a girl from Latvia, refugees from Roumania, a Swedish family caught in Vienna, from dozens who had seen the Russian finesse in wholesale rape and wanton destruction, the story, admittedly exaggerated, was the same.

Lt. Ed Carr,

I HOPE IT'LL BE EVEN BIGGER AND BETTER

Dear Fin: I'm glad to see from "Viltis" that you are back at work; I am so glad you are getting along so well.

It is very enjoyable to receive "Viltis" and to know how you and your friends are getting along. It seems to get bigger and better all the time. With all good wishes.

Very sincerely yours, Al.

Dr. Alton O'Steen,
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Tuscaloosa, Ala.